

# Good Morning 539

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

O.K. at N.A.A.F.I.  
Leading Cook  
Ian Bendrey

## Olympics ? Yes ! but without the Huns

IT would be erroneous to think that the sporting pals who gather at The Jolly Roger belong to a smug set, which puts sport before all else. True, sport is the big interest in their lives, though it has been compelled to take more of a back seat during the past five years than would otherwise have been the case. They are serious-minded citizens who place the welfare of the country as a whole in the position it should occupy, namely, first and foremost, as all of us really ought to do.

It was the gov'nor who turned the conversation in this channel by remarking that with the return of international football matches between our men in the Services and the players in the freshly-liberated countries, it was hoped that international sport would serve to bind us together instead of creating disturbances.

"If you look back to the various Olympic Games over the past forty years," said Bernard, "I think you will find that these contests did anything but bind the nations together. You might almost say that they were like small wars in themselves. The idea behind the Games was a good one, but, as

### Is the opinion of W. H. Millier and his pals at the "Sign of the Jolly Roger"

is so often the case with good ideas on paper, they do not always work out that way when put into practice."

"Quite true," answered the gov'nor, "we know that the Germans used the Berlin series of Olympic Games for the purpose of propaganda, but then, with people like the Germans you cannot expect anything to be purely of a sporting nature. They simply don't understand the meaning of sport as we know it. If the Olympic Games are to be resumed after the war, Germany and Japan must certainly be excluded from participation."

"I think the best plan would be to drop the Olympic Games altogether," said Bernard. "After all, they have been tried over a long enough period since they were revived on the lines

of the ancient Grecian Games in 1896. That is 48 years, and what wars have they prevented? Of course, we cannot answer that entirely, but we do know that they have not prevented the two most disastrous wars in the world's history."

"That is the most disappointing fact you can quote to the staunch supporters of the Olympic movement," said the gov'nor. "I happen to know many of the men, grand sportsmen of the best type, who have devoted the greater part of their lives to organising the Games solely with a view to preserving good relations with all the nations."

"It must be very galling to them to realise that all their efforts have failed to prevent wars. I know it would pain them to advocate

the abandonment of their life's work — the Olympic Games — but I daresay there will be many people who will share your view and say that the Games should be allowed to die out.

"All the same, I think we should do all we can to foster international sport in other ways. The Allied nations could keep together in this way by well-organised meetings, and some of the other nations could be brought in as they become more of our way of thinking — if ever they do, but for a considerable number of years we should bar Germany and Japan."

"I'm not mistaken," said Nat, "you will find Germany trying to wheedle round us in next to no time through the medium of sport. You know that is exactly what they did last time, and we should remember that lesson before we have to learn it all over again. For the first time they took up boxing and invited many of our old professionals to go to Germany as instructors. In the Olympic Games they pulled the wool over our eyes by parading themselves as grand sportsmen, modelled on John Bull, and we, like the mugs we were, fell for their blarney."

"I believe you have among your collection of athletic books the Amateur Athletic Association's handbook, gov'nor. If it is handy I'd like you to get it just to see if my memory is as good as I think it is. Good. Wait a moment and I'll find the piece I wish to quote to you. Here it is. It is written by H. B. Stallard, the old quarter-mile champion, after the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, in 1928. Listen to this part of it:—

"The Press pour forth much criticism, mostly adverse, at the termination of each Olympic Games. These critics could never have moved amongst the athletes of the various nations, or they would not say or write the things they do . . . In Germany last year I was talking to a group of German athletes, and one of them said: We, in Germany, will always regard England as being the Motherland of Sport, and whether England wins or loses, we shall look to her to show the world how to play the game in the right spirit. If England withdrew from the Olympic Games her prestige in the world of sport would fall . . ."

"Looking over the stern of the boat bound for the Land of Hope and Glory, and watching the coast of Holland receding over the horizon, one thought filled our minds, and that was that where the youth of the world is gathered together in some common cause, such as sport there all is well. Who knows but that one day an International League of Young Sportsmen may quell for ever the voices of the war lords."

"Quite a large number of people thought much the same way as Mr. Stallard in 1928," said Bernard. "That shows you how quickly and how easily decent people forget villainies. That was just ten years after the last war, and our young



To L/Cook BENDREY  
A special message  
from your N.A.A.F.I.  
wife as she sits in  
her billet at  
Babbacombe

COMFORTABLY relaxed in an armchair on the veranda of her modern house billet with other N.A.A.F.I. girls, Mrs. Betty Bendrey, who is stationed with N.A.A.F.I. at the Foxlands Hotel, Babbacombe-road, Torquay, took her ease between duties. The other girls, although disappointed that they had nobody in the submarine service to merit them an interview by your reporter, took great interest while their comrade Mrs. Bendrey said her piece for transmission to you, L/Cook Bendrey.

Gladys Glover, the girl your wife is pally with, and whose picture she has sent to you, herself to be married soon, gets all sorts of Do's and Don'ts on and best wishes, and tell him married life from your wife. I miss him a lot," was her message.

Bendrey were very well received; the necklace and handbag are the envy of her N.A.A.F.I. colleagues. Yes, all is well with Mrs. Bendrey and her job. The work is pleasant the food is good and the accommodation comfortable, and all picture she has sent to you, that is lacking is you, says your wife. "Send him my love all sorts of Do's and Don'ts on and best wishes, and tell him married life from your wife. I miss him a lot," was her message.

men were being hoodwinked by the soft soap laid on with a trowel by German athletes telling us 'we shall look to England to show the world how to play the game in the right spirit,' and all the time they were preparing to wipe that 'right spirit' for ever from the earth. If we are hoodwinked again by such people we shall have only ourselves to blame."

"Well, it is up to us, and to every mother's son like us, to keep the Hun in his right place, which is the gutter, and to see that he is not given the chance of causing yet another war. It is a sacred duty," said Nat, "and I, for one, will never neglect the opportunity of

pointing it out. Let any German organisation ask me to instruct its members in boxing and I'll give 'em the right answer."

"About the only thing to teach that despicable race," said the gov'nor, "is that they are beyond the pale and not fit to mix with decent people, let alone be permitted to take part in sport."

"As it would be practically impossible to wipe out the race," said Bernard, "we have to put up with them, but that is not to say that we should once more try the same nonsense of forgiving and forgetting."

"That's the idea," said Nat. "I'm a man of peace myself, but I know that you have to be able to fight if you are going to be sure of getting some peace. We must remain a nation of fighters and keep the fighting spirit alive. Much as we might feel like sympathising with genuine beliefs, we have to realise that it is grossly unfair to conscript one section of the community and permit another to do as they please."

"Conscription has an ugly sound to freedom-loving people of our breed, but we all ought to know by now that it is the only fair method. Equal sacrifice should be the watchword and it should be accepted cheerfully by youngsters of the future in their own interest," said the gov'nor, "and as a final word, let me say that I shall encourage every youngster I come across to learn to fight, not to become bullies, because bullies seldom know how to fight when it comes to the real thing, but in order to keep them physically and mentally alert. Then there may never be any need to fight."

### Ship o' the Desert

THE camel's ability to "go without water" has made it the ship of the desert, an invaluable form of transport, even in this age of motors, and Camel Corps have done good work in the present war. But, of course, a camel, like any other living thing, cannot "go without water."

What a camel actually does is to keep its own private reservoir, so to speak, taking a drink from this whenever it needs it, if water to be taken through the mouth is not available.

The camel is a ruminant and stores the food it eats for chewing as opportunity arises. In the same way it stores its water and moistens its stomach and food as required.

The origin of this ingenious mechanism is generally supposed to be found in the fact that ruminants are generally defenceless creatures, liable to have enemies interrupt their meals. Hence the device of bolting meals and chewing them at leisure.

The camel can fill up with water and carry 500lbs. on its back in great heat for three days or even more without requiring more water. On an average, it will travel about 25 miles a day, so that this gives it a "range" of 75 miles.

But on occasions the camel can go much farther, and there are records of 300 miles being covered in eight days.

## Sister Eva is Serving Shoppers, Stoker Barry Liptrott



YOU were right, Stoker Barry Liptrott. She's done it. Eva has started work. She's a real live shop assistant now at the age of 14, and if you have occasion to call at Broadbent and Ainsworth's shop, in Sankey Street, Warrington, while you are on leave, you can have a sister to assist you.

"Thrilled to death," is Eva's own comment on her venture into commerce. She can hardly wait to finish lunch at home and get back to the beloved counter.

She's persevering at the piano, too, in preparation for some more musical evenings when you return. By that time she may even

be able to render "Warsaw Concerto" to your order.

Father was away at work in Manchester when we called at 2 Moxon Avenue, Latchford, Warrington (not many houses in your avenue, are there?). Mother was there with Doris and baby Joan. While we waited for Eva they told us of your meeting with brother Frank in Gibraltar. Frank is O.K., and so is Harry in the Royal Engineers.

They all send their love and wishes for a speedy return. Incidentally, that's your latest picture on the piano, if you can spot part of it in the picture. . . . Good Hunting.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# OUTSAILED

IT was a momentous occasion. The two skippers sat in the private bar of the "Old Ship," in High Street, Wapping, solemnly sipping cold gin and smoking cigars, whose sole merit consisted in the fact that they had been smuggled. It is well known all along the waterside that this greatly improves their flavour.

"Draw all right?" queried Captain Berrow—a short, fat man of few ideas, who was the exulting owner of a bundle of them.

"Beautiful," replied Captain Tucker, who had just made an excursion into the interior of his with the small blade of his pen-knife. "Why don't you keep smokes like these, landlord?"

"He can't," chuckled Captain Berrow fatuously. "They're not to be 'ad—money couldn't buy 'em."

The landlord grunted. "Why don't you settle about that race o' other customers and the hasty yours an' ha' done with it," he cried, as he wiped down his counter.

## The Biter is Bit in this "Two Day" Yarn by W. W. JACOBS

"Seems to me, Cap'n Tucker's hanging fire."

"I'm ready when he is," said Tucker, somewhat shortly.

"It's taking your money," said Berrow slowly; "the Thistle can't hold a candle to the Good Intent, and you know it. Many a time that little schooner 'o mine has kept up with a steamer."

"Where'd you ha' been if the tow rope had parted, though?" said the master of the Thistle, with a wink at the landlord.

At this remark Captain Berrow took fire, and, with his temper rapidly rising to fever heat, wrathfully repelled the scurvy insinuation in language which compelled the respectful attention of all the

intervention of the landlord.

"Put up the stakes," he cried

impatiently. "Put up the stakes, and don't have so much jaw about it."

"Here's mine," said Berrow, sturdily handing over a greasy fiver. "Now, Cap'n Tucker, cover that."

"Come on," said the landlord encouragingly; "don't let him take the wind out of your sails like that."

Tucker handed over five sovereigns.

"High water's at 12.13," said the landlord, pocketing the stakes.

"You understand the conditions—each of you does the best he can for himself after eleven, an' the one what gets to Poole first has the ten quid. Understand?"

Both gamblers breathed hard, and, fully realising the desperate nature of the enterprise upon which they had embarked, ordered some more gin. A rivalry of long standing as to the merits of their respective schooners had led to them calling in the landlord to arbitrate, and this was the result. Berrow, vaguely feeling that it would be advisable to keep on good terms with the stakeholder, offered him one of the famous cigars. The stakeholder, anxious to keep on good terms with his stomach, declined it.

"You've both got your moorings up, I s'pose?" he inquired.

"Got 'em up this evening," replied Tucker. "We're just made fast one on each side of the Dolphin now."

"The wind's light, but it's from the right quarter," said Captain Berrow, "an' I only hope as 'ow

the best ship'll win. I'd like to win myself, but, if not, I can only say as there's no man breathing I'd sooner have lick me than Cap'n Tucker. He's as smart a seaman as ever comes into the London river, an' he's got a schooner angels would be proud of."

"Glasses o' gin round," said Tucker promptly. "Cap'n Berrow, here's your very good health, an' a fair field an' no favour."

With these praiseworthy sentiments the master of the "Thistle" finished his liquor, and, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, nodded farewell to the twain and departed. Once in the High Street he walked slowly, as one in deep thought, then, with a sudden resolution, turned up Nightingale Lane, and made for a small, unsavoury thoroughfare leading out of Ratcliff Highway. A quarter of an hour later he emerged into that famous thoroughfare again, smiling incoherently, and, retracing his steps to



the waterside, jumped into a boat, fair in love and war and racing, and was pulled off to his ship.

"Comes off to-night, Joe," said he, as he descended to the cabin, slowly than before, as he revolved "an' it's arf a quid to you if the this addition to the proverb."

"What's the bet?" inquired the mate, looking up from his task of shredding tobacco.

"Five quid," replied the skipper.

"Well, we ought to do it," said the mate slowly; "t won't be my fault if we don't."

"Mine neither," said the skipper.

"As a matter o' fact, Joe, I reckon I've about made sure of it. All's

"I just nipped round and saw a chap I used to know named Dibbs," said the skipper. "Keeps a boarding-house for sailors. Wonderful sharp little chap he is. Needles ain't nothing to him. There's heaps of needles, but only one Dibbs. He's going to make old Berrow's chaps as drunk as lords."

"Does he know 'em?" inquired the mate.

"He knows where to find 'em," said the other. "I told him they'd either be in the 'Duke's Head' or the 'Town o' Berwick.' But he'd find 'em wherever they was. Ah, even if they was in a coffee pallis, I b'lieve that man 'ud find 'em."

"They're steady chaps," objected the mate, but in a weak fashion, being somewhat staggered by this tribute to Mr. Dibbs' remarkable powers.

"My lad," said the skipper, "it's Dibbs' business to mix (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A stillle is a tricycle on skates, bottle made of quartz, small pimple, seed-pod, surgeon's knife?

2. Who was called the "Morning Star of the Reformation"?

3. How can you tell a pine-cone from a fir-cone, on the tree?

4. What chemical element enters into a greater variety of substances than any other?

5. From the skin of what animal is morocco leather made?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? St. Peter's Cathedral, Chartres Cathedral, Cologne Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, Salisbury Cathedral.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 538

1. Writer.

2. Three.

3. Yellow Water-lily; the flower has an alcoholic smell.

4. Red.

5. 1381.

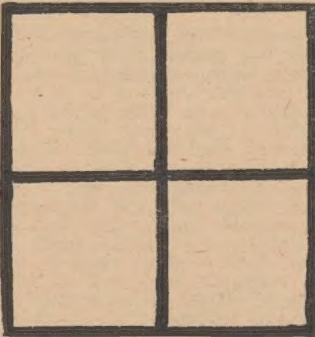
6. Mitre is not derived from a proper name; others are.

### HOW MANY?

WHAT'S your time for completing the square?

There's a double figure to be put in each space. The top left and bottom right total 100; the top right and bottom left total 100 also. The two lefts total two-thirds as much again as the two rights together. The two tops deducted from the two bottoms is the figure in the top-right square.

Solution to Puzzle in No. 540



## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



UNDER such headings as "That September," "All Over Septembers," and "Just Septembers," leading writers have been reviewing the six Septembers of war.

This is how I see them:—

**1939** In accordance with our guarantee of Poland, invaded by the Wehrmacht on September 1, we find ourselves at war with Germany. The year in which Poland was overrun in 35 days and the period of the "phoney" war began. We snapped out of our old ways and began to think about war.

**1940** The Battle of Britain. The year of disaster—France overrun, the Luftwaffe over London, the threatened invasion, our L.D.V.—later to be called the Home Guard—was formed.

**1941** The Germans march on Moscow. The year of the gathering of the United Nations. On June 22 the Wehrmacht marched into Russian territory. On December 7—8 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour.

**1942** The Battle of Stalingrad. The year of the turning of the tide—Dieppe, where we learned about combined operations, and the North African landing, the first of a long series of amphibious operations. And the R.A.F. bombing plan gets into its stride as the Lancasters come off the factory lines.

**1943** Across the Straits of Messina on to the mainland of Italy. The year in which the Wehrmacht began to give ground. Montgomery's Eighth had crossed the desert to Tripoli. The Axis was obliterated from Africa. Sicily invaded. Mussolini overthrown. In Russia the great drive West began. And in the Reich, British and American raids reach the 1,000-bomber mark.

**1944** The end, or almost. The invasion of France, from the North and then the South. Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary get the jitters. And in Italy, the Eighth and Fifth have fought through to the Gothic Line. Allied bombing has reached shattering proportions, the Luftwaffe is virtually non-existent, and the only German reply is the V1, now extinct.

The black-out is lifted, the Home Guard becomes a memory, and Civil Defence workers hand in their uniforms.

There will be more Septembers—what then? Up to you blokes really, isn't it?

### BEELEZEBUB JONES

AFTER A COUPLE OF DAYS OF HECTIC FESTIVITIES, OUR LITTLE BAND OF NITWITTED ADVENTURERS DECIDE TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS... LEM AND THE SHERIFF TO INTRODUCE DEMOCRACY TO ESCADORIA, WHILE ZEKE, TUMBLEWEED AND THE PROFESSOR SET OUT TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING LINK.

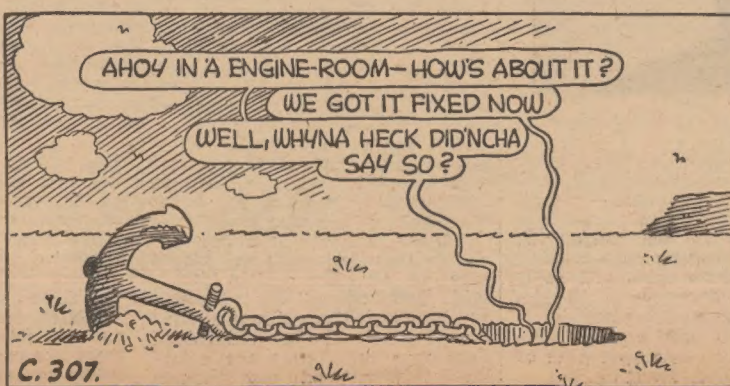
\* KNOWN AS 564-B ACTION.

### BELINDA



C. 307.

### POPEYE



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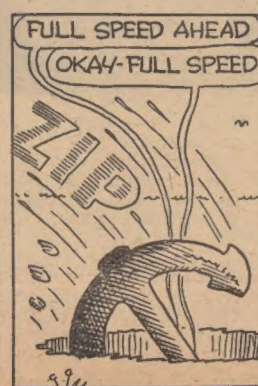
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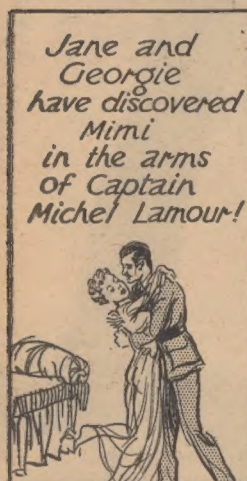
# WANGLING WORDS—478

1. Insert consonants in \*E\*A\* and \*Y\*E\* and get two common trees.
2. Here are two games whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
NETYB — SINGUR
3. If "antimacassar" is the "ant" of furniture, what is the ant of (a) the Law Courts, (b) Hope?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 477

1. PINEAPPLE. COCONUT.
2. MEERSCHAUM—CHERRY.
3. (a) Tentative, (b) Sententious.
4. G-rap-e, P-ear.

## JANE



# OUTSAILED

(Continued from Page 3)

sailors' liquors so's they don't know whether they're standing on their heads or their heels. He's the most wonderful mixer in Christendom: takes a reg'lar pride in it. Many a sailorman has got up a ship's side, thinking it was stairs, and gone off half across the world instead of going to bed, through him."

"We'll have a easy job of it, then," said the mate. "I b'lieve we could ha' managed it without that, though. 'Tain't quite what you'd call sport, is it?"

"There's nothing like making sure of a thing," said the skipper placidly. "What time's our chaps coming aboard?"

"Ten thirty, the latest," replied the mate. "Old Sam's with 'em, so they'll be all right."

"I'll turn in for a couple of hours," said the skipper, going towards his berth. "Lord! I'd give something to see old Berrow's face as his chaps come up the side."

"P'raps they won't git as far as that," remarked the mate. "Oh, yes they will," said the skipper. "Dibbs is going to see to that. I don't want any chance of the race being scratched. Turn me out in a couple of hours."

He closed the door behind him, and the mate, having stuffed his clay with the coarse tobacco, took some pink note-paper with scalloped edges from his drawer, and, placing the paper at his right side, and squaring his shoulders, began some private correspondence.

## READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

She insisted hotly that, economy or no economy, she must have a new frock, and he, with equal warmth, declined to produce the cash.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she said angrily.

"How like a woman," he sighed. "When everything else fails she tries bribery."

# Ensa got into Trouble

TOMMY WESTWOOD, the Manchester comedian, has seen plenty of front-line action, though he does not carry a gun.

With Richard Hearn's party, "Variety and Fun," he has been with E.N.S.A. all the way through Normandy, Belgium and Holland.

"We've had practically everything," Tommy said. "We've been cut off, blown up, shelled, surrounded by Germans—and even helped round up prisoners. That was at Hertogenbosch."

They were first in Brussels. Antwerp was still being shelled when Adele, the Wal-lasey girl pianist, played "God save the King" at their opening show there. Snipers were being winkled out when the curtain went up at Nijmegen.

In Helmond (Holland) they got mixed up with some enemy lorries—but the Germans discovered it first.

Westwood has sung "Rose Covered Shack"—the song the

troops ask for most frequently—in theatres, halls, in little cafes, and to open-air audiences with a big-gun barrage for accompaniment.

The story Westwood likes best was when a staff officer walked on in the middle of his act before an audience of 5,000 in a field.

The officer had a sheet of paper and called out names . . . and a lot of the boys sprang to attention.

"Sorry to butt in," he said, "but the commander-in-chief is in the next field, waiting to pin decorations on the men whose names I am calling out!"

The only disappointment is

that Tommy and his party were not the first into Germany. They were on their way in—when the Germans began a counter-attack. E.N.S.A. beat a strategic retreat.

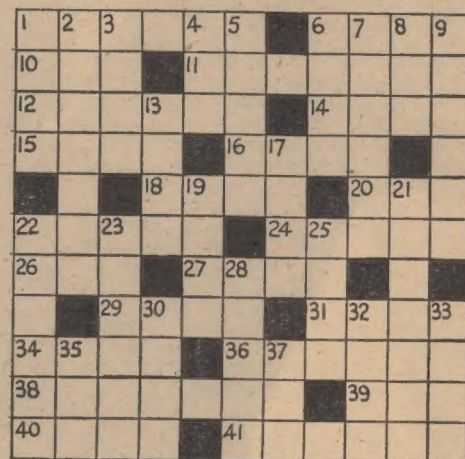
Westwood has been "over there" since Bayeux became a war news.

**Dick Gordon**

Customer: "So you've got rid of that pretty assistant you had."

Chemist: "Yes. All my gentlemen customers kept saying that a smile from her was as good as a tonic."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Planks.
- 6 Short distance.
- 10 Recede.
- 11 Hamlet maid.
- 12 Skilful.
- 14 Threads in loom.
- 15 Bird of prey.
- 16 Simple.
- 18 Oblique.
- 20 Corn spike.
- 22 Rooms.
- 24 Red.
- 26 Number.
- 27 Beams.
- 29 Small flaps.
- 31 Send forth.
- 34 Jot.
- 36 Boy's name.
- 38 White fur.
- 39 Study.
- 40 Went fast.
- 41 Most modern.

### CLUES DOWN.

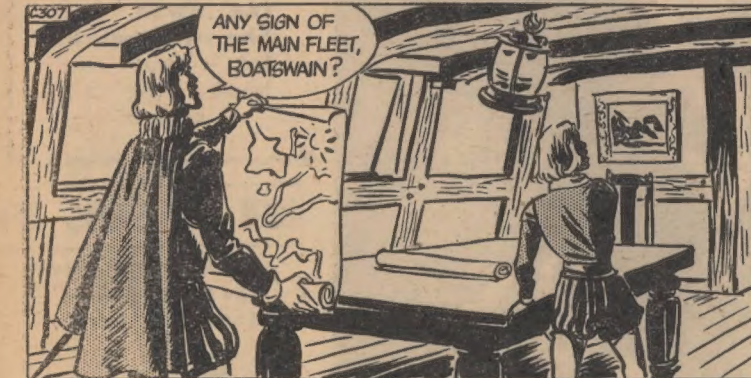
- 1 Brook.
- 2 Slanting.
- 3 Assist.
- 4 Female animal.
- 5 Bit of fun.
- 6 Stitches.
- 7 Frolicked.
- 8 Ventilate.
- 9 Table-linen.
- 13 Cloth.
- 17 Amiss.
- 19 Stone edge.
- 21 Format notices.
- 22 Emits vapour.
- 23 Chant.
- 25 Employer.
- 28 Pale.
- 30 Among.
- 32 Constructed.
- 33 Portable shelter.
- 35 Incline.
- 37 Mineral.

WANT SPRATS IN WEAL NIP TOPE WAPITI STREW VAM D HOTEL DACE PEP BAR TOR IRAN CUPTO S GOT BROIL TRADER ONCE OUT LYNX IE NEEDLE YOLK

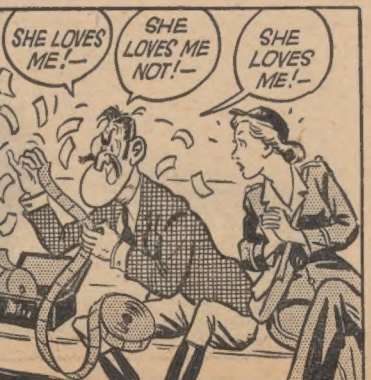
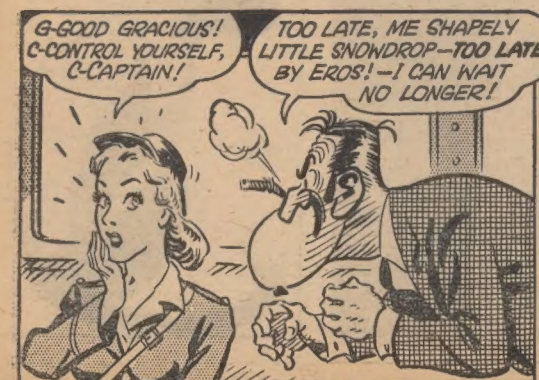
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Sport Oddities

IN the 1937 Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley, every member of the Widnes team was a local man, while everyone of the Keighley thirteen came from somewhere other than Keighley—eight of their players were Welshmen. Whyte, of the Widnes team, actually came from Runcorn, and it was a stock joke that Whyte was "a bit of a stranger." Runcorn is a quarter of a mile outside Widnes. The "local" team won.

BISLEY the "marksman's Mecca," could always rely upon one or two oddities. One competitor turned up with his rifle wrapped in cotton wool; another with seven rifles, each specially designed for different weather conditions. Possibly the competitor who on one occasion, after scoring 103 out of 105, asked for time out to have his rifle tested, was only trying to "hypnotise" his rivals. Perhaps it is no oddity that the King's Prize has been won with perfectly "ordinary" rifles, on one occasion with a strange rifle borrowed in the camp just before the competition.

UNTIL 1938, no "working man" could row at Henley or any other regatta controlled by the Amateur Rowing Association. In their definition of an amateur it was stated that "No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler, or coxswain, who is, or has been, by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty." The rule was made sixty years ago. In 1937, Henley Regatta stewards took a step forward by abolishing it.

APPLAUSE can be too hearty. When Chipperfield, the Australian Test cricketer, returned to his home town after striking successes in his first Tests, he was given a "great hand." The crowd began to carry him home, shoulder-high, as he stepped out of the train. His head was banged against a signpost and he was knocked out!

## ALEX CRACK

Brown's wife was musical. She had other faults as well. But Brown was a good husband, and when she showed a desire to learn the violin he promised to make her a present of one.

"A violin for your wife?" said the assistant at the music shop. "Certainly, sir, one with a chin-rest?"

"Yes," said Brown. Then, as a brilliant idea came to him, he hurried after the assistant and caught him by the sleeve. "Make it a detachable chin-rest," he said, "so that she can still use it when she is not playing the violin."



# Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. What have we here? Some lovely park-lands surrounding one of the stately homes of England, with the ancestral elms lining the river bank? Not a bit of it. It's a reach of the Grand Union Canal, near Watford.



The young lady on the right in the scanty panties is Gale Robins. We think she has an air about her. 20th Century-Fox calls it a Gale. And she—who, after all, should know best—insists that it's an infernal draught.



The young lady above in the baggy bags has an air about her, too. But she tells us that she, on the contrary, is never troubled by the wind!



SMALL FRY. If the fish won't rise to the bait, the swan will. She swallows the lot — but not hook, line and sinker.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"They can have the rod or pole—I'll take the perch."

